Grego. The heades of the maids.

Samp. I the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads, take it in what sence thou wilt.

Grego. They must take it sense, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Grego. Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst been poore Iohn: draw thy toole here comes of the house of *Mountagues.*

Enter two other seruingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

Gre. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Gre, No marrie, I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp, Nay as they dare, I wil bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra, Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side if I say I?

Gre. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Gre, Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Sa. But if you do sir, I am for you, I serue as good a mã as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. VVell sir. *Enter Benuolio.*

Gre, Say better, here comes one of my Maisters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregorie,* remember thy washing blowe. *They fight.*

Benu. Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you do. *Enter*

Enter Tiba

Tibalt. VVhat art thou drawne turne thee *Benuolio,* look vpon t

Ben. I doe but keepe the pea or mannage it to part these men

Tib. VVhat drawne and talk as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and Haue at the coward.

Enter three or foure Citiz

Offi. Clubs, Billes and Partiso Downe with the Capulets, down

Enter old Capulet *i*

Capu. VVhat noyse is this? gi

Wife. A crowch, a crowch, w

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mou* And florishes his blade in spight

Enter old Mountague *a*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet,* M. *Wife.* 2.. Thou shalt not stir

Enter Prince Eskales, *wi*

Prince. Rebellious subiects en Prophaners of this neighbour-st VVill they not heare? what ho, yo That q uench the fire of your per VVith purple fouutaines issuing On paine of torture from those b Throw your mistempered weapo And heare the sentence of your m Three ciuill brawles bred of an a By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountagi* Haue thrice disturbde the quiet o And made *Verona* auncient Citiz Cast by their graue beseeming or To wield old partizans, in hands Cancred with peace, to part your If euer you disturbe our streets ag